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Some call me a connoisseur. For 30 years I was constantly seeking an ideal Havana leaf.

I found it in a leaf which grows in a mountainous district in Cuba. It has the mildest, sweetest flavor I have ever known in tobacco. I have never found anything near so exquisite in a ready-made cigar.

An expert in Cuba secures this leaf for me. And I have it made up for my own private use, wrapped with my monogram band.

I have long supplied this cigar to my friends, and the circle of users has grown into thousands. Now I shall gladly supply a few more who seek a rare cigar.

Having quit business, I am making this hobby a pastime. Not seeking a profit, I am quoting a price which is pretty close to cost. I ship by Parcel Post.

But I can supply but a limited number. So I seek only men who want something exceptional—men who enjoy a rare, sweet smoke. I am not after bargain hunters.

Five Cigars Free

I will mail you as samples five cigars free. Just send me 10 cents to partly cover expenses and I will supply the cigars. I only ask this 10 cents to pick out the right sort of people.

If you are delighted, then order as wanted. The price is \$5 per hundred—\$2.60 for 50—all charges paid. If you wish, I will open a charge account. Write now for the five cigars. (22)

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The Reaction

(Continued from Page 4)

Suddenly, without warning, she buried her face against his arm and burst into tears. If he was surprised, he did not show it. With rare tact, he merely smoothed her hair and said nothing at all.

Then she drew back and smiled up at him through her tears. "I'm afraid I'm growing hysterical. But you—ah, you do understand, don't you?"

"Yes, dear, I understand."

When he had gone, she dropped back again into the chair, her face buried in her hands. For many moments she did not move; then suddenly she sprang up, glanced at the clock and hurried over to the telephone.

"Hello!"

"Will you send me a messenger boy?"

It was only a few moments until the boy came; but to Katherine, walking feverishly up and down the room, it seemed as if he would never come.

When she opened the door to a freckle-faced boy of fourteen, in the familiar blue uniform, her heart was beating in her throat.

"Come in! I don't want you to take a message—I want you to telephone for me. Will you?"

"Sure!" The sangfroid of a messenger boy is a thing not easily disturbed. There is no situation that he does not regard with dispassionate calm.

"Listen! This is what I want you to do—to call up a number and ask if some one is there—then hang up the receiver. I don't want you to speak to them. I just want to know if they're there."

The boy nodded.

"The number is 1830 Plaza. Just ask if Mr. Wilmont is in. It's an apartment, and the telephone girl will ask who you are; just give any name—Mr. Moore will do. If she connects you and you hear a man's voice, cut off at once. But if she says he's not there, ask if he's out of town. And if he is—how long he's been gone. Can you remember all that?"

"Yes, m."

"Now be sure you have it right. The number is 1830 Plaza. You are Mr. Moore and want to speak to Mr. Wilmont. Won't you say it over to me, so I'll be sure you won't make a mistake?"

"1830 Plaza," the boy repeated.

"Wilmont's the party, Moore wants to speak to him. If he's there, I'll hang up; if he's not, ask if he's out of town."

"Yes—yes," eagerly, "that's right. Here's the 'phone."

He took down the receiver. Katherine stood close by, her cheeks flushed and her hands tightly clenched.

"Hello! 1830 Plaza."

Katherine's tense breathing was the only sound in the moment's wait.

"That 1830 Plaza?"

"Mr. Wilmont there?"

"Mr. Moore."

"He's not in?"

"Is he in town?"

"Was there at six o'clock."

Katherine motioned that was all, and the boy rang off.

SHE turned for her pocket-book, her hands trembling so she could hardly open it. When she closed the door after him, she leaned against it from sheer weakness.

He was in town. He had been there at six o'clock. She could no longer delude herself with the hope that he was away, that he had written and the letter miscarried. He was there and he had not written nor telephoned nor come to her—because he had not wanted to!

With a little moan, she crouched down on the floor still by the door. To cross the room seemed an exertion of which she was not capable just then.

There could be no mistake now—he had ceased to love her. He had taken that foolish little quarrel as an excuse to end it all. He may even have been waiting for that opportunity. For months he had not been the same. She had felt his gradual withdrawal, and it had made her cling to him all the more desperately. Oh, she had loved him too much, and shown it too freely! And now she was alone; she would always be alone.

When she rose, she steadied herself against the door, and then went into her

bedroom. To sleep—not to suffer any more—just to sleep! To stop this awful pain in her heart and throat, to quiet it for ever.

She unlocked a trunk and took a package from the lower tray. It was a large sealed bottle of chloroform. With the scissors she loosened the cork and set the bottle on a table by the bed. Then she slipped into a loose negligee, and lay down. Oblivion—cessation from suffering—that was what it would mean.

As she reached for the bottle she thought vaguely of letters she should have written, the instructions she should have left. But no—no, this intolerable pain in her heart; she wanted to silence it now!

With the first fumes of the chloroform came a sense of relaxation, of peace. Then a confusion of thoughts. Then a strange throbbing sensation that seemed lifting her and bearing her away. Just as she drifted into unconsciousness, the telephone rang shrilly.

She stirred uneasily. The telephone still rang. It aroused her slightly. Then, without her having moved, there came to her a feeling that she had arisen and answered it, that it was all right—everything was all right now. And with the telephone still ringing she sank into complete unconsciousness.

A COLD stinging sensation about her face and neck. She opened her eyes. She was on the couch in the front room by an open window. An ice towel was at her throat and some one was chaffing her hands. There was only a moment's confusion—then her mind was quite clear. She met his eyes.

"How—"

"Don't—don't try to talk now." His voice was husky.

A sickening nausea and weakness was sweeping through her. She closed her eyes again. After a while she asked faintly:

"How did you—know?"

"I didn't know. I seemed to feel it. As soon as I left you I was restless and worried. About an hour later I called you up; you didn't answer the 'phone. Then I came and found you—"

His voice broke.

"But the door was locked," she persisted, with a strange interest in the details.

"I broke it open," simply.

"You broke it open?"

"It was very easy—just a wrench. These locks are not strong."

"And no one heard you?"

"No; no one knows I'm here. I came in through the side entrance and didn't take the elevator. To have had the night clerk let me in would have involved explanations and I wanted to spare you that."

"But if—if I had been beyond—reviving? What a fearful position for you! Did you think of that?"

"No."

"Ah, how much you must care!" she whispered sadly.

"I love you," simply.

Another sickening wave claimed her now; she closed her eyes again. So she had failed. The oblivion she had sought had eluded her. This man had dragged her back—to more suffering. Oh, why had he done it? Why had he not left her alone? He said he loved her; yet he could have done nothing more cruel than this.

Perhaps he guessed something of what was in her mind, for he said gently:

"Katherine, if this is what you would do with your life—why don't you give it to me?"

She smiled. "Would you want it that way?"

"I would want it any way."

She shook her head. "If ever I marry you, it will be because I care, not as a desperate refuge from the indifference of another man."

"Then you must promise me something. I ask this because I think I have the right. I believe that any great love entails a certain obligation on the person loved, whether they wish it or not. And I am going to press that obligation upon you."

"In what way?"

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